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Maryland

In Chains,

BY MRS. D. K. WHITAKER,

Of South Carolina.

Oh vain is the splendor of blue-curtained skies,
The pomp of tall forests that 'round one arise ;
The rich golden harvests adorning each plain,
Thrice beautiful land—thy beauties are vain!

Derided, insulted, and falsely betrayed,
On thee—the foul grasp of tyranny laid ;
Astonished the nations behold thy disgrace,
While robbed and oppressed by a vile Northern race.

Where now is that spirit heroic which gave
Thy country its fame, thy warriors a grave ?
Which echoed o'er Mexico's blood-watered field,
And taught every foeman to fly or to yield!

That spirit still lives in the heart of the South,
And from her green borders a voice has gone forth ;
Commanding her freemen to arm for the strife,
And battle for Liberty, Honor, and Life!

Then welcome the clarion's far peeling sound,
And the war-courser's neigh as he tramples the ground.
And keen be the weapon each Southerner draws
While defending this realm, her rights and her laws!

Endurance is weary—our wrongs cry aloud,
We are strangers to fear ye fanatic crowd ;
Your taunts and your threats alike we despise,
Your triumph is short! lo! the South doth arise.

Aye rise in her strength like the Sun in his pride,
And proudly like him in her grandeur abide,
Unfettered by Union—a Union of shame,
Which drained her of wealth, and despoiled her of fame.

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